

Campbell Ann

DRADE 28

Pre

71 100-0505



Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Anne Campbell

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

At Lincoln's Home

TREAD softly here, where once his
footsteps fell,
For he must hover somewhere in the
shade,
This little dwelling that he loved
so well,
This couch where oft his weary head
he laid;
This chair which bears the imprint
of his back,
These common things today must feel
his lack.

Tread softly here upon his day of
birth;
Though he is happy now he has re-
turned,
To find us joyful on this bit of
earth
Where for a little while his candle
burned.
Always he loved the common people
best,
And found the common paths the
loveliest.

Tread softly in this plain and simple
room
That is the mirror of his character.
His soul is here, and wafted through
the gloom
There is the fresh, clean smell of
lavender,
Bringing to mind old gardens and
quaint ways
Where he loved best to stroll in other
days.

Tread softly here. The greatest man
of all
Is walking slowly through his house
once more,
As often he will walk when shadows
fall
Across the panels on the oaken
door;
Finding the placid ways of heaven
sweet,
And loving, too, a quiet Springfield
Street.

Anne Campbell,

Phila Bulletin 2-12-32

Abraham Lincoln's "Pinies"

(At Grand View, Ind., Mrs. Thomas Woolfolk has planted a score of peonies of all colors and varieties, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, who spent so much time there during his lifetime.)

• • • •

HE called them "pinies" . . . He'd be glad to know
That where he walked, the lovely peonies grow,
All colors of them, and varieties
He would not recognize if he saw these.
Sometimes I think he sees them, for he walks
At evening in the meadows, where the stalks
Of corn grow tall—almost as tall as he!
You know how tall Abe Lincoln used to be!

He loved the corn and wheat and everything
He planted in Kentucky in the spring,
And often used to come across the line
To say the Indiana crop looked fine.
And when he came to Grand View once to see
About some hides at Grand View's Tannery,
He laughed in his young way, and said: "My land!
This time I've brought my Pa's hide to be tanned!"

So many legends have grown up about His life and love that we are bound to doubt
Some of the tales; but we are very sure
That when the twilight falls across the pure
Sweet, dewy peonies that we have planted,
He walks among them, where he long has wanted
To walk; among the simple souls and good
Who loved him well in his old neighborhood.

Anne Campbell.

6-29-32

To Abraham Lincoln

GIVE us your wisdom that we
may be wise,
Friend with the somber eyes.
Lend us the courage of your rugged
soul!
May we approach our goal
With your deliberate, unswerving
tread,
With your uplifted head.
You, the unconquerable, the seeker
after
The final good; you with your lusty
laughter,
Your quick unravelling of twisted
skeins;
You with proud love of life still in
your veins,
Give us your sympathies, your hard
decisions,
The long look of the seer, and the
high visions,
The truth that was yourself and all
it proved,
And the lean young Nation that you
loved.

ANNE CAMPBELL

Phila Bulletin 2-13-39

Campbell, Anne

What Lincoln Said

"This man of wisdom with his
brooding face"

What Lincoln Said

By ANNE CAMPBELL

This man of wisdom, with his brooding face,
Lives in the words he said. Delinquency
Would not exist if we heard willingly
A phrase that all of time can never dim.
How rich the counsel he was wont to give!
"I like to see a man proud of the place
In which he lives, and I like to see him live
So that the place he lives in will be proud of him."

Anne Campbell broadcasts over Station WWJ-The Detroit News
each Sunday at 9:15 a. m.-

9. Detroit News
2/2/44.

VERSE FOR TODAY

by Ann Campbell

FEBRUARY 12.

There is no record of his honest voice,
Only the words remain and not the tone,
But there was freedom in the noble choice
Of every phrasing that he made his own.

We see the pictures of him—not a king,
But just a neighbor who might live next door;
Simple and just in every little thing,
He held the torch of freedom high in war.

Now in dark eyes, because he lived on earth,
The hope of freedom kindles. The bright
flower
Of better living flames. His day of birth
Lifts every man above the common hour.

21. Work Shop
2/12/45

Campbell, Anne

FEBRUARY 12th

"There is no record of his
honest voice"

February 12th - - - - - By ANNE CAMPBELL

*There is no record of his honest voice,
Only the words remain and not the tone,
But there was freedom in the noble choice
Of every phrasing that he made his own.*

*We see the pictures of him—not a king,
But just a neighbor who might live next door;
Simple and just in every little thing,
He held the torch of freedom high in war.*

*Now in dark eyes, because he lived on earth,
The hope of freedom kindles. The bright flower
Of better living flames. His day of birth
Lifts every man above the common hour.*

1100 2/26

To Lincoln

By ANNE CAMPBELL

How would you judge us, Abraham Lincoln,
If back to your common haunts
you came?
Would you think we had made a
few advances?
Would you sum up our deeds
with praise or blame?

Would the people you freed come
up to your standards,
As they seek new freedoms with
pain and tears?
Would you think we had helped
or hurt our brothers
As you paused to survey the
passing years?

How would you value us, Abraham Lincoln?
Are we worth the agony and the
strife?
Do we measure up to the dream
you harbored
When tragedy ended your noble
life?

Have we broadened in tolerance,
love and kindness?
Have we caught a glimpse of
true brotherhood?
What do you think of us, Abraham Lincoln,
As we struggle to match your
rectitude?

Does Lincoln Live?

By ANNE CAMPBELL

If we can catch the vision
Lincoln had
Of all men traveling a common
road,
Of good works triumphing
above the bad;
Of each man shouldering
another's load;
If we can glimpse the white
soul shining through
The golden body with a daunt-
less ray,
There will be joy in everything
we do,
And we will know that Lincoln
lives today!

But if our prejudices hold us
fast,
And we are ruled by hate and
cannot see
That God made all men in His
mold and cast
Us forth to find our mutual
destiny;
If we cannot conceive His
wisdom placed
Us in our times, and if we
cannot shed
Upon all men the love His life
embraced,
Then Lincoln's voice is mute,
and he is dead!

CAMPBELL, ANNE.

The Detroit Times
February 12, 1958

Lincoln's Words

By ANNE CAMPBELL

He spoke too soon for radio,
attuned.
To catch the noble cadence
of his voice.
No television in the building
crooned;
Only a few heard quiet words,
and choice.
And yet if this phase were
applied today,
And if we lived according to
its plan,
Peace would strew blessings
on our burdened way!
We would accept "the family
of Man!"

At Lincoln's Home

"CAN two truck drivers come in?"
they said.
And wiped their feet as they stepped
inside.
They were rough and shabby from
foot to head,
But their gaze was level, and
staunch their pride.

They quietly walked from room to
room,
And stopped at the rocker where
Lincoln sat.
Where his picture hung in the twi-
light gloom,
They stood with hats off, and looked
at that.

There were elegant ladies in the place;
A man of the world with hard, lined
face;
A boy who romped through the room
and smiled
In the careless way of a little child.
The truck drivers, softly, with eyes
grown dim,
Walked through the house to honor
him—
The man who acted as unseen host,
And, of all his guests, loved them
the most.

Anne Campbell.

Lincoln

THE thought of Lincoln is an inspiration.
 . . . To every child with ideals
 reaching high
 Above the sordid level of his station,
 He is a window on the Eastern sky.

The memory of Lincoln is a blessing
 To every failure whose uncertain
 feet
 Upon the stony path of life are pressing.
 . . . So often he advanced but to
 retreat.

The consciousness of Lincoln is a
 boon
 To every jobless man whose worn-
 out shoes
 Pound the cold streets from dawn
 till rise of moon,
 For Lincoln knew the path that
 man pursues.

The martyrdom of Lincoln is a les-
 son
 To all misunderstood and lonely
 souls.
 Time lifts the darkness of his life's
 oppression,
 And truth in its clear majesty un-
 rolls.

The life of Lincoln is our heritage.
 All hearts are stouter for the val-
 iant story.
 Strengthened by its repeating, youth
 and sage
 Climb up with firmer step to their
 own glory.

Anne Campbell



